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ALABAMA COLLEGE

Scribblings

Scribblers Club
1925-1926

SCRIBBLINGS

This book of selections came into being as the result of one year's work by the **Scribbler's Club** of Alabama College. **The Scribbler's Club**, which was organized in January, 1924, and founded in March, 1924, mainly thru the efforts of Miss Louise Connor, has for its purpose the literary development of the students of Alabama College. For the shortcomings of our **Scribblings**, we refer you to the youth of our organization, and of its members. For any good found herein, we wish to make acknowledgement to Miss Helen Townsend, president of 1924-25, and Miss Lilian Prout, president of 1925-26, who, through their untiring efforts and able leadership, have guided the **Scribbler's Club** safely through its infancy.

DEDICATION

To Fannie Tabor, and Vivian Monk, whose efforts have done so much to encourage and inspire our would be literary achievements, we dedicate these, our first **Scribblings.**

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SUNSHINE

Sunshine, pure gold from God's own heaven;
Wealth, from mere earthly sod deriven;
Which of these is true blessing given?
Wealth an empty treasure is—
Sunshine is His.

WANDERING

I must go wandering over the hills,
Over the hills and away,
Till I drive from my heart, the care that kills,
With the joys of a summer day.
Oh, it's glad is my heart
At the day's earthly start
To be free on an open road
On my lips gay, a tune
For the bright skies of June,
On my back not a sign of a load.
And there's much I can sing
In the morning's first swing:
Of the green of the meadow,
The cool of the spring,
Of the hail of a fellow,
The bird on the wing,
And the blue of the wandering sky.
Oh, what if it rain,
Or what if it shine
Since I'm free from my carking load,
My cares, left behind,
Can go hang, while I find
The joys of the open road.

THE FUR COAT

"But, Mother dear, can't you see that it's imperative that I have a fur coat? Why,—why all the girls have fur coats and," a sob caught her throat, "how can I be expected to make sorority if I wear that old thing I had last year!"

Mrs. Ford raised her eyes from the biscuit dough in a tired and discouraged way,—but none of this showed in her voice.

"But, Marjory, it isn't that I don't want you to have it dear; it's just that I don't see how I can afford it. And any way, if the sorority cares only for fur coats, and not for—"

"Mother," Marjorie interrupted, "you know that isn't what I mean. It's the lack of a fur coat that's so perfectly obvious to the girls. I feel—why I feel positively shabby!"

Which was, of course, not the truth. It was a puzzle to the neighbors how little Mrs. Ford, a widow with a college son and daughter, managed to keep every thing going and dress herself and them so well, out of the small profit from her boarders. Even at that moment, as she stood ready for school, in her chic flannel dress, Marjorie looked anything but shabby.

"Mother, mother, your mustn't!" Marjory threw her arms about her mother's neck. "You mustn't! Fiddle dee! I'll do without it."

She pulled her hat down over her boyish bob, kissed her mother, and dashed out the door, trying to keep the disappointment out of her eyes.

Mrs. Ford watched her as she walked down the street, hailed some passing friends, and turning, waved good bye to her. How splendid her daughter was! How young and alive! She had been so disappointed about the coat. But it would cost a hundred and fifty dollars at least, and besides every thing else, Mrs. Ford had thought of getting herself a light, inexpensive coat—her old one was quite thread bare.

Mrs. Ford smiled. Marjorie was so young, and it was true that she didn't have all the advantages that most of the girls in her set did. Perhaps if she were extremely economical—well, she would see.

She thought about it all the morning, and when Marjorie came home to lunch, she called her into the kitchen.

"Darling, mother has decided to get you the coat," and she watched the surprised and happy look in Marjorie's eyes.

"Mummie, you precious! you sweet! Your'e just too wonderful for words!" And so on, and so on.

The mother felt recompensed. Marjorie was happy.

"And shall we go down and choose it this afternoon, mother? I shall be out of class at four. Oh, Mother, I'm thrilled, thrilled!!"—And she carried in the dishes her mother had prepared.

It seemed to Marjorie that the time would never pass. At four she hurried home, imagining excitedly how she would look with the coat on, what kind of cuffs it would have, and whether the collar would look better, large or small. It never crossed her mind to worry about the money. Mother would find a way—she always had.

And so Marjorie and her mother went to choose the coat. As they walked into Robinson's and entered the suit and coat department, Mrs. Ford banished the thought entirely of getting herself a new coat. The clerk replied to her inquiry that he was sure he could please her.

"Now here, madam, is a coat of beautiful material, good lines and moderately priced. If you would be so kind as to try it on"—

Mrs. Ford saw that he had made a mistake and presumed that she was buying a coat for herself. Nevertheless, she figured the soft material of the coat before her. It was exactly what she had pictured getting, but she shook her head.

"It is for my daughter I am choosing a coat," she told him, "and I would like something in fur."

The clerk apologized for his error and brought out several beautiful models. While Marjory puzzled over the one she liked best, suddenly her eyes fell on a very attractive coat, with a huge roll collar and wide, heavy sleeves.

"Mother, the very thing! Exactly what I want! May I try it on?"

She decided on this one, and Mrs. Ford agreed that it was a very beautiful coat, though she shivered a little at the price.

They arranged for the coat to be put away until the following afternoon, when Marjory would call for it and bring a check.

When they went home, Marjorie found a little white note, which sent her into ecstasy. The Zeta Phi Delta sorority requested the presence of Mrs. Ford and her daughter, Marjorie, at a banquet to be given Tuesday evening at eight o'clock.

"Oh glory! my coat! Mother, weren't they sweet to ask us! Not surprising that they asked you, though, for you're positively the sweetest mother in the world."

She went for the coat on the following afternoon, the check in her purse. She wondered what her mother would wear to the banquet. Her black satin dress, of course, but her coat—why it looked as shabby as her own, she decided.

As she walked in Robinson's a thought occurred to her. Why had her mother hesitated when the clerk showed her the first coat? Had she been planning—"She paused for an instant, then tilted her head, and with a smile, called the clerk.

When Mrs. Ford came from the kitchen from fixing supper, she saw Marjorie's hat in the hall. "Why!" she exclaimed to herself. She hadn't heard Marjorie come in, and, "had she gotten the coat? Yes, there it was on the table." She began opening the big box. It had written across the top, "Our fur coat."

Puzzled, she untied the string, and on top lay the pretty little coat she had looked at the day before. And underneath was a chic little cloth coat that would fit Marjory.

Two strong arms, turned her about, and two blue eyes smiled into her's.

"Don't you like our fur coat?"

They were a success at the banquet. Mrs. Ford's charming ways won every girl, and Marjory was never before so pretty or witty.

When it was over, Marjory slipped back in the

cloak room after her bag and she heard the girls talking in the adjoining room,

"Weren't they the dearest things?"

Did you notice how charmingly and simply they were dressed?"

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! Marjory squeezed her mother by the arm as they walked in the door.

"This has been more wonderful than all the fur coats in the world," she whispered.

SUNSET

Dull grey gates to the courts do close,
Easily and quietly, like petals from a rose,
Like tears from lashes still dewey wet,
And the day is gone—the sun is set!

* * * * *

Books are good things to look upon when your mind is troubled. There they stand, side by side, calmly, coolly, green gold by dull red, then softly—a shelf of browns.

One slim volume there contains more power than does a car of dynamite. The whole car of dynamite has only the power to destroy, while the book, coming from the part of man that is God, and going into the part of another man that is God, moves the power of creation in each man.

ADVERSITY

“Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.”

—Shakespeare.

Coming down in the world is not always an experience to be avoided. It is such a descent which, each winter, saves the lives of many birds who flit across the graying skys in Autumn. Southward (and thus downward) is their course; yet it would be a fallacy to say that such a flight deserves disparagement.

To the family who has for a time lived on the fourth floor of an “elevator-less” domicile, a move to a floor below would seem, I am sure, a great benefaction. The change to the lower level would, in such a case, save time and energy for each member of the family. Let us ascertain the amount of time that would be saved thereby. If thirty seconds are required for the climbing of the extra flight, and if each member of a family of six must make the ascent five times daily, the family is obliged to spend nine hundred seconds each day in the menial task of stair climbing. In one year the sum total would amount to three hundred twenty-eight thousand, five hundred seconds or three and eight tenth days. Since “time is money,” what a dreadful waste are these days which, if spent in brick-laying or some other lucrative occupation, would yield a goodly wage. Again we say that by living a flight nearer to Mother Earth a family would save energy. The process of stair climbing necessitates the expenditure of energy which in turn brings about a wear and tear on the body, resulting in sharpened nerves and aggravated dispositions. Since health and happiness are so tangibly dependent on nerves and dispositions, at what cost do we lodge so near the sky. Therefore, in some instances it is infinitely better to step down in the world rather than remain aloft where, from one’s garret window, can be seen the “short and simple flannels of the poor.”

The tons of water which, because of the law of gravity, fall over the cliffs at Niagara Falls are a blessing to mankind. Because energy can be neither created nor destroyed, the momentum which this water gains

in its fall serves as power for turning the wheels of man's machinery. Bacon said, "Adversity is not without comfort and hopes." As we strive, with our mere mortal minds, to realize the vast number of comforts and hopes, in the form of warmth, light, food, shelter and clothing, which are made possible by the downward course of the many trickling mountain streams that feeds the mighty Niagara, we agree with Lord Bacon.

The immediate results of some tumbles in life are, however, far from pleasant. It is well at such times to bear in mind two lines from Cooke's "How Did You Die?" which read, "It's not the fact that you're down—that counts, but how did you fight and why?"

Just as a rubber ball always rebounds, so also is man capable of overcoming adverse condition. It is true that human beings are not made of that resilient material known as rubber, but they are nevertheless, in part composed of a substance which has the same buoyant characteristic, just as great a durability and a much wider adaptability than has the rubber in a ball. Some call this attribute "courage" others call it "grit." Call it what you will, it is in the make-up of every man and it is that property which makes him able to master his environment, carve his niche, and captain his soul.

AWAY

Outside the sun is shining
 There's adventure in the air
 An old worn road begins.
 And leads somewhere!
 Perhaps it winds thru meadows—
 Over hills and under trees—
 And there's bound to be a brook
 All patched with lights, and browns and
 blues.
 Of course, there's somewhere on the way
 A place to stop and rest awhile,
 A stump throne maybe, or a tree,
 Or just a spot that's beautiful.
 Sometime let's go—Just Me and You—
 And find the place where the road leads to.

THE CAMP

You can talk about good music,
 How it makes you want to dance—
 You can talk about the Tennis Courts,
 The whole Athletic field.
 You can talk about good books
 On every subject known to man,
 But there's nothing like the Camp life
 In the Spring.
 For the lovely songs of nature
 Make me even skip and jump,
 And the rocks which lie around
 Are balls enough for me—
 Every subject found in books
 Can be viewed there with the eye,
 Sure, there's nothing like the Camp-life
 In the Spring!

*I hope this brings
 pleasant memories.
 Hazel*

WITCH NIGHTS

Some nights when the moon is high,
And silver clouds are scudding by it,
And the wind sighs thru the cedars,
Witches, I too, want to snatch a broom,
And go sailing off with you thru the gloom,
In the rush of the whispering wind.
On, on to where the rivers begin,
On to where the whip-o-wills call
To the dream of a sighing water-fall,
Brushing the cheeks of a wild brier-rose,
Plucking a leaf from the tree's top bough,
O witches of the world, when you fly on high,
Come, take me with you to the moon patched
sky!

NIGHT, I LOVE YOU

Dark night, with howling gusts of wind,
Dashing rain, and sleet and snow,
With thunder roaring through the sky
And lightning making clouds all glow,
I love you!
Bright night, your moon looks down on me
And laughs at each gay twinkling star;
A million whispering breezes come
And blow my wandering thoughts afar—
I love you.
Cold night, I hear the creaking trees
As by keen winds they're made to sway.
Surely now I know that I
Would not exchange you for a day.
I love you!
O night, with summer skies o'er hung,
Full of sweet and happy song
Of man and birds; and perfume faint
The blooming trees and flowers among.
I love you!

THE PAINTED FINGER

The long hall of the old castle, lined with portraits on either side, was always gloomy, but this afternoon it was especially drear. The stained glass in the windows at either end of the hall rattled with every gust of wind. Frequently the wind moaned thru the hall with a sound peculiarly like the sobbing of a lonely girl, and it rippled in a ghostly fashion the piece of tapestry hanging over the chimney corner.

Most of the pictures were simply blots against the wall, but one full length portrait, isolated at the end of the hall, stood out in the grey winter light. It was the portrait of a girl in her teens, standing in a meadow, with her right hand on a crumbling stone wall; her left hand clasped the simple bertha at her neck so naturally that it seemed to move, the first three fingers curled around the knot of the bertha, the others were outstretched against her neck. Her face, framed in soft brown curls, was beautiful, but the droop at the corners of the mouth and the faint blueness under the eyes made it unspeakably sad. Her full skirted dress came almost to the bottom of the picture, for under it only the toes of her shoes could be seen. Directly under the picture was a small brass plate, bearing the inscription, "Mary----illegitimate daughter of Edward Howley, 5th Earl of Pembroke. Painted by an artist so great that the picture has not been destroyed." An empty frame, near the center of the hall, swung in the wind, and when it struck the wall gave forth a hollow booming.

As the wind rushed thru the hall with a louder sobbing, the heavy carved door swung slowly inward. A wraithlike boyish figure slipped in, closed the door noiselessly, and learned, panting, against it for a moment. He went down the hall quickly to sink on a bench in front of the portrait of the girl. Fully an hour he sat there looking at her. When the wind gave an unusually loud sob, he arose as if he could stand it no longer, and stood, holding the picture with both hands

"They don't know where I am, Mary," he whispered.

"And they think I'm mad, I heard mother tell

Aunt last night,----‘Alice, George is mad’----and I am mad!” His voice rose until it was almost a shriek. “Mad for the past year with love of you!”

He laughed wildly until he shook as with rigor and the sweat poured down his white face. He went on gaspingly, but in a quieter voice,

“Your mother must have been of gentle birth—you—you could not have had those eyes brows, else----no Pembroke ever gave you those slender arches. We—we’re a bushy browed tribe,” and he felt his own brows.

“Those lips never came from a Pembroke. Yes—I remember—ours are a cold straight line, like my mother’s were last night,” musingly “when she told that legend, I remember—I think I remember—what she said. She said—‘Her mother was a bad woman’—I know she said that— ‘but she killed herself in the river’—She said that too—‘Mary would have been—would have been like her mother before her, and—and by the same Lord Pembroke, if—’ I don’t remember.—Yes, yes I do—‘If she hadn’t gone by the river too!’ and my mother laughed.”

With a vacant look “Gone? Where did you go? They said you had gone by the river, **Where** did you go?”

He put his head in his hands and brooded awhile, until the wind shook the vacant frame on the wall and it gave forth its hollow booming. He raised his head and laughed gulpingly until again a rigor shook him. Then he talked more, in a hoarse whisper.

“But I did for him—the devil who—who would have ruined you. I ripped him out of his frame and burned him last night, when all were asleep. I laughed and danced to hear him sizzle in the old grate yonder! Ah, ’twas a pretty tune to dance by. Mary, I can tell you. But it made me tired, Mary dear, it made me tired.”

Again he put his head in his hands and remained still until the wind roused him, sobbing thru the hall.

He came to his feet as tho jerked by an electric shock, and screamed “Don’t! don’t cry like that! You must stop! It sets me on fire inside, to hear you.”

More quietly, but swaying as if the wind were too strong, “you’ve nothing to cry about, dear—he can

never harm you now—and they shall never say anything about you again. See, I've brought an engagement ring—and our wedding ring, to put on your finger. Slowly he reached up and slipped the ring on her finger. He kissed her hand, and tried to reach her mouth, when another rigor shook him, his eyes glazed, and he sank in a heap on the floor.

They found him the next morning, but it was many years before they found that the canvas had been cut, and that the left hand of the portrait bore the seal of the house of Pembroke, and a wedding ring.

*Remember when
we read this,
Lillian*

A PRAYER

I think, dear God, that to be satisfied
And live my life Thy way,

There are some things I truly need.
If I could wake each morning
At sunrise, and see flung wide
Thy tender herald of the day
O'er mountain tops, and I
Not quite at ordinary heights,
If one bird's song could speak
To me Thy message, and leave in me
A heart by beauty quickened
Into tenderness and joy, if
In the midst of daily tasks I might
Within my arms hold clasped
A baby, and laugh and play
With it till it should lie
Asleep, dependent on my strength,
And I might pray a whispered prayer
Of thankfulness and worship,
If, in Thy wisdom, Thou
Should let me stand, awed, hushed,
Convinced of man's true littleness
Besides some mighty rush of waters,
And, if at evening I might watch
The sunset and hear a violin played,
And I might turn into a home,
Where friendly lights and a warm fire waited
And sit for just a while
With a pal who understands
Oh, God, I could be true.

But when I stop to think
I know these things I may not have.
What if I cannot have them?
I can have the memory
Of some sunrise, some bird's
Awakening welcome of the day
And still within my heart may keep
A violin's melody, a song,
The sunset lights, a worship
Of things beautiful and a love
Of home, which, by Thy help,
I may pass on to others.

PROOF

There are so many proofs of God to man:
The very grass beneath our feet sends prayers
Of gratitude to its creator.
And who has seen a hill with violets blue,
And not felt deep within his very soul
Shaken afresh by knowledge of a God
Whose fingers infinitely filled with care
Have shaped each bloom and stamped it as his own
And set it there, an altar for mankind?
There is no man who has not known His strength
Revealed in rock and hill; who has not felt
Some holy quietness steal over him
When, in a valley filled with slender pines,
God's silence, deep to deep, spoke unto him.
And is there one whose spirit does not flee
Along the perfect bridge of moonlit sea
Which mirrors back blue sky and golden haze
In dancing joy, a lighted path to God?
There can be none, exulting at the foot
Of some giant waterfall, who standing there
Cannot feel God's mighty power seize him,
And yet know, too, that this same God has given
To us the child. This awesome strength, free power,
Controlled and charged has made for man a son,
So wondrous small, so gently stamped
With all the holiness of God's own love—
A God immensely strong, minutely tender
And yet there still are some who see no vow
In rainbow hues; to whom the sunset means
Just sunset. They do not realize the truth
That every sunset heralds a sunrise,
That the great sun at rising and at setting
Gives just a glimpse of Heaven shining through.
It is then, the happy souls from earth
Go floating up to God on rosy light,
Fling wide a promise and a proof:
There is a God.

A CLOD OF DIRT

When I gaze upon you,
So hard and rusty,
I count you as one of the
Lowly things of life—
You toil not,
Neither do you spin;
What good are you on earth?
But clod
Forgive me!
For when I look with
Seeing eyes
Into the age of half-forgotten things,
I pause,—
I wonder
Of what great and noble figure
Were you once a part?
Were you a king or hero
In the days of long ago?
What wondrous heritage have you,
More ancient than the mountains,
And great waters.
Have you a soul
Or are you just a fragment
Of the bodies of the great?
Alas!
So humble and so silent you tell me:
I am but a fleeting shadow
In God's great Universe.
But you go on forever;
You can never
Die.

*I love you always,
Elena*

7-2-1-1

